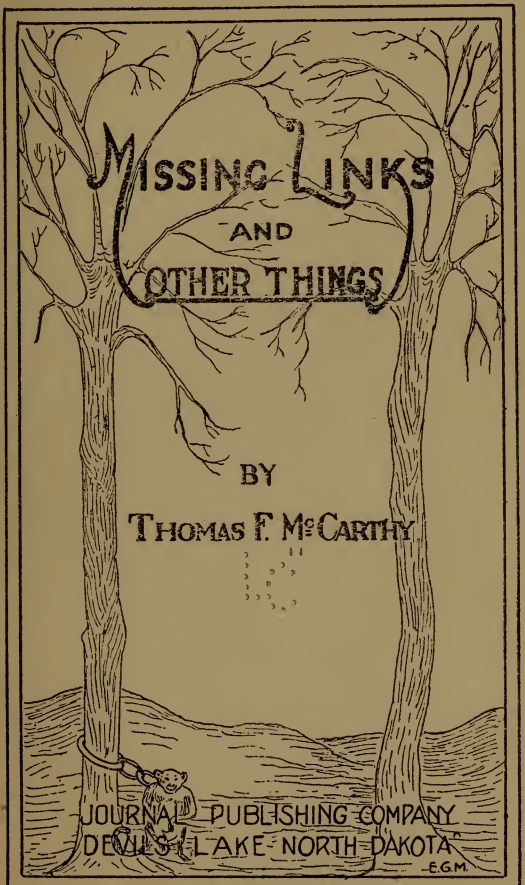
PS 3525
.A144 M5

1921

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
000028090 84

C381
16


MISSING LINKS
AND
OTHER THINGS
BY
THOMAS F. McCARTHY
JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEVILS LAKE NORTH DAKOTA
E.G.M.

PS3525
.A144M5
1921

Copyright, 1921
By Thomas F. McCarthy

©CLA627758

AUG 16 '21

CONTENTS

MISSING LINKS - - - - - - - - 1

OTHER THINGS—

THE DANGER MARK - - - - 25

IT DOESN'T PAY TO BE TOO PARTICULAR - - - - - - 26

LET'S GIVE IT TO THEM - - - - 27

AUTUMN DAYS - - - - - - - 27

SOMETHING'S ALWAYS MISSING - 28

THE TEST OF CULTURE - - - 29

THE FIRST ROBIN - - - - - 29

THAT BREATH OF SPRING - - - 29

SPRINGING A SPRING SOMETHING - 30

OH, SHAH - - - - - - - - - 31

FRIENDS - - - - - - - - - 32

ON ADOPTING A HOBBY - - - - 33

TO MY VALENTINE - - - - - 34

IT ALL DEPENDS UPON THE WEATHER 36

THOSE PASSING GLANCES - - - 37

THE SNOWSTORM - - - - - 38

WHEN THE LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL - 39

BACK TO NATURE - - - - - 39

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION - 40

LINES ON A DARK KNIGHT - - - 41

A. B.-ING IN THE KITCHEN - - - 42

WILL SOMEBODY KINDLY REMOVE THE SUNRISE - - - - - - 43

WHY MEN HAVE LEFT HOME - - 43

THE DREAMER WAKES - - - - 44

ODE (H.C.L.) - - - - - - - 46

OUR ALIBI - - - - - - - - 47

SHIVERY - - - - - - - - - 47

FALSE COLORS - - - - - - 48

TO—TWO GUESSES - - - - - 48

HAS IT EVER OCCURED TO YOU - - 49

ADVENTURES WITH APHRODITE—

MY SONG - - - - - - - - 55

THANKSGIVING - - - - - - 55

OCTOBER'S LOVER - - - - - 56

APPRAISAL - - - - - - - - 56

A SIMPLE FLOWER - - - - - 57

NOCTURNE - - - - - - - - 57

TRUE POETRY - - - - - - - 58

NEW YEARS, 1917-18 - - - - - 59

SONNET - - - - - - - - - 61
ASHES OF LOVE - - - - - - - 62
HOPE - - - - - - - - - - 62
THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD - - - 63
CONTENTMENT - - - - - - - 63
THE HUNTER'S MOON - - - - 64
CARGOES - - - - - - - - 65
ODE TO THE BIRD'S RETURN - - - 65
EYES THAT ARE MISSING - - - 66
LOVE AND MUSIC - - - - - - 67
THE SOUL OF LOVE - - - - - 67
EVERYTHING GOES UP IN SMOKE - 68
THE SOUL'S LAST LOVE - - - - 69
THE LAST LOVE - - - - - - 70
HOPELESS - - - - - - - 72
OLD PUZZLE BOOK - - - - - 73
A WINTRY PRAYER - - - - - 75
THE LEAVEN OF TEARS - - - - 76
WERE I THE KING OF FAIRYLAND - 76
IT GOES BACK TO ITS OWN - - - 77
HER SPIRIT - - - - - - - - 77
MISCELLANEOUS MOODS—
A GYPSY'S LONGING - - - - - 83
FREEDOM - - - - - - - - 84
THE BALM OF TEARS - - - - 84
WAITING - - - - - - - - - 85
BUTTERFLIES - - - - - - - 86
SUNSETS - - - - - - - - 86
AUGUST - - - - - - - - - 87
MY DREAMS AND I - - - - - 87
THE REAL ARISTOCRAT - - - - 88
TRAGEDY - - - - - - - - - 89
TO A NORTH DAKOTA NIGHT - - - 89
WHEN GYPSIES GO HOME - - - 90
THE CYNIC - - - - - - - - 91
TO A CALIFORNIA POPPY - - - - 92
MOODS (LISTENING TO THE ORCHESTRA PLAY "HOME, SWEET HOME") - - 94
AT THE FEET OF KINGS - - - 97
A PRO-BRITISH KITTEN - - - - 98
OLD CLOTHES - - - - - - - 99
THE AWAKENING HOUR - - - 100
MY COMPANIONS OF THE NIGHT - 101
MAN AND HIS FUTURE - - - - 101
TRANSCIENT MOODS - - - - 102

Go, take this message to her, Little Book,
Asking her charity the while
Her gay eyes in thy simple pages look,
Mayhap in vain, to find a smile;
Let these rhymes trifles caustic critics brave,
Expecting therefrom only scorn as toll;
But just for you, alone, Old Pal, I'll save
The great unwritten poems of my soul.

BY WAY OF APOLOGY

Inasmuch as the author prides himself with sufficient power of discrimination to judge poetry from mere verse, he feels that, despite all his poetical faults that critics may find in this collection, he did not try to exalt his work by dignifying it with the name "poetry." It is merely that kind of composition commonly known as "newspaper verse," most of it having been ground out on a typewriter in an editorial room to top off a daily "colyum," personally conducted by him. Most of the verses herein appeared in the New Paltz (N. Y.) Times, of which he was at one time editor, and in the Devils Lake Daily Journal, on which paper he is now earning the price of the doughnuts which he eats. He feels that if his sensitive critics will look upon the work in its true light, they will accept it for what it is, and not for what they want it to be.

The author regrets that, due to hasty proof-reading, several typographical errors have crept into the verses, which have a nasty habit of staring at him as the eyes of dead man do at the man's murderer. But the author consoles himself with the thought that such things creep into the best regulated publications.

—T. F. McC.

Devils Lake, N. D., June 1, 1921.

MISSING LINKS

I.

It puzzles me at times
Which came first,
The tail or
The monkey.

II.

I wonder,
Watching people come and go,
If the Missing Link
Did leave only his
Tail to propogate the species;

So many people are like tails:
Useful only for wagging
And hanging 'round.

III.

If only the fittest survive,
What excuse for existence,
Frinstance,
Have landlords
And critics?

IV.

The Old Stone Age
Is a long ways off:
My fame as a poet
Likewise.

V.

I would dedicate a ballad
To Pithycanthropus Erectus
And praise him because
He left something
Whereby we could remember him—
He never tried to write poetry.

VI.

Ballads written
To a woman's eyes
Turn tragedies
The while she winks
At the other fellow.

VII.

A good monkey is,
I think,
More useful
Than a bad singer:

The monkey knows his place
And stays up there.

VIII.

Evolution is
A wonderful thing:
It took the Lord
A million years
To produce the plumber.

IX.

It is a long step
From monkey to man;
It is a short step
From man to monkey.

X.

Does the bee sting
The flower
It kisses the while
It sips the honey?
I have known of
Other kisses
That carry their stings.

XI.

When men have nothing
To fight for
There will be no more wars.
But woman
We have with us always.

XII.

There are three periods
In the life of a day
When I muse over
Life and its mysteries—
Frinstance,
Lying in bed in the morning,
Sitting in the barber's chair,
And getting my shoes shined.

XIII.

To be broken-hearted,
Yet hide your tears;
To be afraid of death,
Yet flaunt your fears;
To be penniless
Yet sing a song;
To be with crooks,
Yet do no wrong;
To love a woman,
Yet know she hates;
Smile at one grief
While another waits—

To be all of this
Is part of the plan
God had in mind
When He visioned a man.

XIV.

Love is so strange a thing
To some men,
That they mistake it
For poison ivy
And run away.

XV.

To be a reader
Of the world's best books
Is to be in partnership
With God.

XVI.

I could be a traitor
To many things.
Frinstance—
To a bottle of Scotch,
To a loveless kiss,
To a purse of gold—
These bring tears.

But my country
Makes me gay
With patriotism,
And the joy
Of duty.

No man can be a traitor
To such happiness.

XVII.

I often wonder,
While she plays dreams
On the piano,
If her soul sails
With the songs
The music sings
Into the mysterious,
Invisible realms
Of the unseen world—

Or does she merely
Strike a chord,
And let it go its
Unseen way
Alone, dying, forgotten?

XVIII.

When you feel
The world has turned
Against you—
Turn around
And watch the sunrise.

XIX.

My town has many things
Of which I am proud;
Frinstance,
The sunrise,
Moonlight nights,
Lavender sunsets.
And some people
Who love life so much
That they smile
When one greets them.

XX.

Loving a woman
Merely because her eyes are blue,
Is like drinking home brew
Merely because it has been colored.

XXI.

Some people have
Combination locks on their hearts;
Then,
Lose the combinations.

XXII.

She said she would
Like to sail the Nile—
I heard of a woman once
Who sailed the Nile,
Broke a Roman's heart
And lost an empire—

The Nile puts
Bad notions into
Folks' heads.

XXIII.

Dreams, dreams, dreams:
Fairy tales re-lived;
Sheheresade re-telling
Her king an endless story;
Knights riding out to combat;
Romeo re-loving Juliet;
Antony re-vamped by Cleopatra;
Rome rising and falling;
Pirate gold again dug up,
And men dying
To make a woman smile—

That is how I felt,
These things filled my soul;
Yet I was sober.
The orchestra was playing
The Barcarole
From the Tales of Hoffman.

XXIV.

A little, green, clay Buddha
Upon the table stood;
Breathing burning incense,
As little Buddhas should.

I gazed and sort of wondered,
How like that thing is man:
Clay statue, soul but incense,
Burning for a span.

Clay statue, yet a gypsy,
Almost a living thing;
He tries to dance, to love, to kiss,
And even tries to sing.

And when the burning incense
Dies and fades away,
The statue falls to pieces—
Like that little god of clay.

XXV.

He fought his country's battles,
He was tall, gawky, lean,
His uniform too large,
His manner rough,
His voice gruff,
His stride ungainly,
Yet—
His death was graceful,
Harmoniously musical;
His shroud was woven
On the loom of Duty,
And was a perfect fit.

XXVI.

Some men drink to be merry,
Others to forget their troubles,
While still others
Merely to get drunk.

XXVII.

Moths fly about
The electric lights,
But never get shocked.
Men fly about the light
That lies in woman's eyes,
And become electrocuted,
Or something.

XXVIII.

When a man falls in love
He never knows whether
He's bound heavenward
Or hellward.

He soon gets married
And learns the truth.

XXIX.

It is mighty hard to
Know one's place
In the eternal scheme
Of things
When the other fellow always
Marries the girl.

XXX.

An old auto passed by door,
'Twas not a pretty one,
Its paint was off in spots,
And its old motor
Made a noisy sound,
Yet—
It was moved by the same
Invisible power that moves
God's most beautiful orbs.

XXXI.

Music is often intoxicating,
Which is one thing
The prohibitionists
Overlooked.

For all small favors
Let us be thankful.

XXXII.

The Land of Alibi
Is inhabited by
Lazy men,
Whose only laws
Are excuses,
And who never get
Anywhere.

It's a helluva country
To be president of.

XXXIII.

A man does three
Desperate things
In a lifetime,
Frinstance:
Gets born,
Falls in love,
And drinks home brew.

XXXIV.

It has long been
A mooted question,
Which eyes are the
More beautiful,
Brown or blue.

However, it is merely
A matter of circumstance.

XXXV.

Treasure Island
Is a fairyland,
Completely surrounded
By dreams.

The only people who
Find it are those who
Try to make
Their dreams come true.

XXXVI.

Her smile was so warm
That it would melt
The coldest heart.

But it was an
Absolute failure
Trying to thaw the
Ice in the milk bottle.

XXXVII.

When I would humble myself,
I go out into the night
And look up at the stars,
And revel in their infinite
Distance and glorious
Lustre.

Then I go to sleep,
Thinking how small
An atom is man,
How weak the light of fame,
And how soon
Is he forgotten.

The stars are laughing
At our sense of
Self-importance.

XXXVIII.

Marriage does one
Of two things for a man:
It makes a better man of him,
Or drives him to drink.

But the driving is not
As good as it used to be.

XXXIX.

I like to think of my past
As a book that has been
Read and placed back
On the shelf.

I take it down occasionally
To have it rebound;
But the binder cannot
Erase the tear stains
On some of the pages,
Nor replace the pages
Of lost opportunities
Which have been torn out.

He merely makes the book
Look respectable alongside
Those of today and the
Hopes of tomorrow.

XL.

Some men fall in love
Because they can't help it,
And others because
They want someone to
Darn their socks.

But all roads lead
To matrimony.

XLI.

There are two occasions
When a man will make
A fool of himself,
Frinstance,
When a woman is laughing
At his antics,
And when he is
Drinking Home Brew.

XLII.

Making the whole world
Dry might have
Serious consequences.

Consider the predicament
Of the moon—
Nobody will live on it.

THERE IS NO CHOICE.

She asked us which we preferred,
A bottle of wine
Or a woman's love.
We answered
That when one
Must decide
'Twixt love and duty
His duty comes first.

Strange to say,
She hasn't
Spoken to us since.

HOPE AND OTHER THINGS.

We told her we
Wrote poetry to the moon.

"When the moon is
Not shining,
What do you do?"
She asked demurely.
"Well,"
We told her,
"We write it anyway,
Hoping the moon
Will shine again.

"There always
Has been an
Excuse for poetry."

NOW WHAT WOULD YOU DO IN A CASE LIKE THAT?

We were discussing
Circuses and theatres.
We told her
We should like to
Travel with a circus.

Oh, yes,
She said demurely,
I always liked
The clowns.

WOMAN'S WILES.

There was laughter in her eyes,
And a smile upon her lips;
She was very jolly
About something
She was reading in a letter.
I made bold to
Ask her why so merry?

She turned her eyes
On me and smiled:
"This boob says
In his letter
That I am the only
Girl in the world."

Whereat I
Smiled with her.

RESEMBLANCES.

The wind has a wierd
Tale—
Sounds, so to speak,
Like a political
Campaign—
It blows,
And blows,
And blows,
Yet—
It says nothing.

HOW TO BE CLEVER THOUGH OTHERWISE.

Various people
Have various talents:
Some dance well,
Others are apt at bridge;
Still others
Are good conversationalists,
And a few are
Really entertaining.

We are content
To watch the
Others show off
Their talents.

That's the best thing
We do.

BEING SOULFUL IS HARD ON THE SOLES.

I think I could
Look into her eyes
And find something
Soulful there;
Something deep and
Thrilling—

If—
She didn't insist
Upon looking into mine
And saying
"Let's shimmy."

CARPENTIER.

He is the hero of the hour;
Fought the Huns,
And his France
Decorated him.
He has a swing that
Has lulled many a would-be champ
To sleep for the count;
He is a king of pugilists,
A pug of pugs—

But—
He's French,
And he likes violets.

THERE ARE SEVERAL HEREAFTERS.

We were talking
About spiritism,
And the astral plane
And the cosmos,
And all that sort of thing.

"Can you converse
With some of my dead
Ancestors?"
She asked us.

We told her we could
If we were properly
Introduced to them.

"That's for
You to arrange,"
She said.

She didn't tell
Us where they are,
And lest we
Perchance name
The wrong place,
We thought
We had pursued
The subject
Sufficiently.

WHY MEN DO THIS OR THAT.

Some men sing because
They feel that way,
Others because they
Can't help it,
And still others
Because they
Don't know any better.

THINGS THAT CRAWL.

She is a very sensible
Young woman;
She told me there
Are only two things
Of which she is afraid:

Men and
Rattlesnakes.

POOR RICH MEN.

She said she wants
To marry a millionaire;
That he must be
Very, very old,
With one foot in the grave.

But she is
Very pretty, and
Men like that
Have weak eyesight
Which makes them
Poor indeed.

OTHER THINGS

THE DANGER MARK.

She asked him why, with cold disdain,
  He flew from her embrace,
And why he sang no sweet refrain
  Unto her lovely face.

She asked him why he would evade
  The smiles her eyes impart.
(She feared he was a bit afraid
  That love would break his heart.)

"It is not all of love to kiss,"
  He answered patiently,
"Nor all of love to feel a bliss
  In amorous melody.

"Some love thee for thine azure eyes,
  And some thy lips would sing:
And to thy hair some breatheth sighs,
  Some love thy laughter's ring.

"Whenas on thee mine eyes doth gaze,
  How far the distance be,
My soul with love is all ablaze—
  And this sufficeth me.

"And thus safe distance I shall seek,
  Nor care if thou dost scoff—
I'll kiss thee not on lips nor cheek,
  Lest all thy paint come off."

IT DOESN'T PAY TO BE TOO PARTICULAR.

Bespeak me, old Bacchus, whom we have offended
By making thy virtues all Eighteenth amended,
A glass of some, rare, mellowed biting nepenthe,
Something that Jupiter's wine makers sent thee
To cheer up old Jove when wild Mars or Minerver
Jazzed on Olympus with overmuch ferver.

Bespeak me, I ask thee with voice somewhat teary
A glass of some old stuff; I'm getting quite weary
Of drowning my gloom in this doubtful Home Brew,
Which isn't a bit like the good old stuff you
Used to hand 'cross the bar ere the world went insane
For the want of a drought which I fear will remain.

Or, Bacchus, if thou knowest not where they hid
The wine that we drank ere they clamped down the lid

I prithee that thou, in pure sympathy
bring
Some Mule, or Home Brew—or any old
thing.

LET'S GIVE IT TO THEM.

Such a slender type of maiden,
Hair as black as any night;
And her slender form arrayed in
Flimsy dreams of purest white;

Her eyes are big, bright blueish things,
Her mouth's a cupid's bow;
Her voice is music when she sings;
Her cheeks with tint aglow:

A tiny part of God's big plan,
A blushing rose among the weeds,
And yet she drives the biggest man
Afield to do great deeds.

To think that such a little thing
Should cause so much unrest
Among us men, from slave to king—
'Tis a woman's world at best.

AUTUMN DAYS.

Gold across the sunset sky,
Cool blows the breath of morn,
Summer birds now southward fly—
And thus is Autumn born.

Forgotten summer with its heat,
And stilled is Pluvius' thunder;

Refilled with life are folks we meet
And old ills torn asunder.

A little spell of days like these—
Of sunsets draped in gold,
Of zephyrs dancing through the trees,
Of joys unsung, untold.

They're but a little interlude,
A respite filled with thrills,
Between hot Summer's desuetude
And Winter's winds and chills.

SOMETHING'S ALWAYS MISSING.

He loves her face, angelic,
Loves the dreamy look that lies
Deep down within those jewels
God had given her for eyes.

He loves her sylph-like figure,
And the silkness of her hair;
He tells us there's no woman
That with her can quite compare.

She's beautiful and brilliant,
Yet simple are her frocks;
And he loves her, aye, adores her—
But she wouldn't darn his socks

THE TEST OF CULTURE.

She may have eyes that sparkle
Like Aldebaran at night;
Her lips may be inviting,
And her hair a gorgeous sight.

She may be versed in fiction,
Or adept at weaving rhyme;
She may be quite romantic,
And her thoughts may be sublime.

She may be wondrous, queenly,
A blushing rose, perchance—
"But listen, kid, now tell me,
Can the Jane you speak of dance?"

THE FIRST ROBIN.

How lonesome must the robin be
Who pipes his song of spring,
In North Dakota's wintry March—
No worms nor anything.

I think he shows poor judgment
In his wild desire to fly;
He ought to wait 'til spring is here,
Say, some time in July.

THAT BREATH OF SPRING.

There is a breath of springtime
In the circumambient air;

But Spring is such a blusterer—
He blows things ev'ry where.

He blows my lid 'way down the street;
My lady's equipoise
Is much disturbed by Spring's strong breath—
(Her hosiery makes much noise.)

Old Spring is such a blusterer—
I fear he'll be my death;
He blows and blows and blows and blows—
I wish he'd hold his breath.

SPRINGING A SPRING SOMETHING ABOUT CLEAN-UP WEEK.

His name was Galileo
And he dreamed some funny dreams,
About the stars and planets
And the sun's unending beams.

But since he was a dreamer,
Of the visionary kind,
Others ridiculed him—
They were ignorant and blind.

With vision telescopic
Galileo swept the skies,

And thereby cleaned the cobwebs from
Men's superstitious eyes.

And thus the dirt of ages,
And the ignorance, it seems,
Were swept away forever by
Old Galileo's dreams.

And here in this old town, of course,
We need not sweep the skies
To find a world of beauty, for
Before our doors it lies.

And yet we may not see it,
Nor be sure that it is here,
If it is hidden underneath
The rubbish of a year.

So while we're dreaming April dreams,
And while the birdies sing—
Let's Galileonize the town,
And sweep the dear old thing.

OH, SHAH!

There's an Oriental something
Hov'ring 'round my realm of dreams;
A something sort o' mystical
So strange * * * and yet it seems
To bring back thoughts that sometime
In the distant long ago
I was a Persian something
And I sang a ballado

Unto a liquid something
With a taste that seemed to last * * *
I drank it all (the liquid)
In that bygone day that's past.

I wonder what returns such thoughts
Unto my realm of dreams;
They do not seem to fit at all
In prohibition schemes * * *

There's an Oriental something * * *
Now, there it comes again—
I wonder if I was a Shah
And wined with Musselmen * * *

There's an Oriental something * * *
Oh, doggone it, what a fool
Am I to let it get my goat * * *
Say, boy, unhitch that mule!*

(*A North Dakota drink noted for its kick.)

FRIENDS.

Her eyes were haunted with a smile,
And round her little lips
A teasing something did beguile,
As wine your senses grips.

Her hair had all the softness of
The locks of Priam's maid;

It seemed quite natural to love
A lady thus arrayed.

And I did love her—verily—
I almost told her so—
(Ye Gods, to think that men like me
Such silliness should show.)

For she was such a little thing;
Quite young—yet, wise, at that;
I held her close, to hear her sing—
This little pussy-cat.

ON ADOPTING A HOBBY.

Lord Byron swam the Hellespont
To prove Leander could,
For Byron had to pull the stunt
To make his verses good;
Bill Shakespeare had a penchant,
So his biographers say,
Of poaching on his neighbors
In a reckless sort o' way;
Tom Moore, who used to tilt the glass
The while he'd poetize,
Had something of a weakness for
The light in woman's eyes;
They tell us Keats, when Fate had clipped
His wings before she oughter
Desired the future to recall

His name was writ on water;
Ol Goldsmith had a garret
Where he starved and cursed the times;
Chris Marlowe on the bean was biffed
While full of booze and rhymes.

And thus it does appear to all
That poets of the past,
Had funny little hobbies
That have made their mem'ries last.

And it is not unnat'ral,
Knowing how these guys got by,
That I should hunt a hobby,
So these Links and things won't die.

And thus I think I'll cultivate—
In re aforesaid rule—
A friendship with the fellow who's
Yclept the Animule.*

(*Meaning, of course, home brew.)

TO MY VALENTINE.

I love you—
You with eyes that sparkle
Like a goblet of wine;
Whose silken tresses fall
Like Niagara's graceful waves,

Over the rolling precipice of
Your alabaster brow!

I love you—
You, whose silvery voice
Gives warmth to the cool winter air
It strikes, and far surpasses
The liquid warblings of
Summer's sweetest birds!

Yea, I love you—
Fairest of all the fair,
You, whose youthful heart
And gay young soul
Make light the burdens of the Universe,
I love you!

And you are all I say you are;
To me the sun rises in the lustrous
Brilliance of your wistful eye;
The moon has not a greater grace
Than that which outlines the
Delicate countour of your countenance.
You are the most beautiful thing
The world has ever seen.

With all the little quiv'rings of
My throbbing heart,
With all the eloquence at my command,
With all the fervor of a loveful soul,
And with all the hope of

One whose love is real,
I send you this, my valentine—

But, for the love of Mike,
What's your name,
And where do you live?

IT ALL DEPENDS UPON THE WEATHER.

Oh, for the life of the gypsy,
To wander at will o'er the land;
With never a sorrow or worry—
A gypsy so care-free and tanned.

I'd sing to the God of Creation
(Were I but a gypsy and free)
A song filled with wildest elation
(That is, if He'd listen to me.)

And being a gypsy and wand'ring
At will o'er the fields and the woods,
I'd laugh at the high cost of living—
For Nature delivers the goods.

Yet, ere I began my crusadin',
(That is, as a gypsy, you know)
I'd corral a wee, winsome maiden,
And make her a real gypsy beau.

And rhymes I would pluck from the flowers,

An epic I'd slice from the dew;
And these would my love serve at luncheon —
A veritable gypsical stew.

We'd sip from the clover its honey
(That is, when we've learned how 'tis done)
We'd never need hanker for money,
And clothes la Poiret we would shun.

Oh, for the life of a gypsy,
To wander at will o'er the land—
Where's the maid who is willing to wander
And live the free life I have planned?

* * *

Yet, girlie, while thinking it over,
In thoughts more prosaic and plain,
My gypsical wanderings would oft be
Postponed on account of the rain.

THOSE PASSING GLANCES.

I looked into her dreamy eyes,
And she returned the glance;
And yet, I should not dare surmise
She liked the circumstance.

For I have never met the maid
By formal etiquette—
And yet her eyes seemed unafraid
To speak when mine they met.

And now the thing I'd like to know
Is what she said to me
The while her eyes looked at me so—
Was it disdain or glee?

Yet, fearing lest the truth might hurt
I'll take not any chance
To quizz her, but will keep alert
For just a passing glance.

And while her voice to friends will speak
Of men and things and books,
Her dreamy eyes I e'er shall seek
And talk to her in looks.

THE SNOWSTORM.

If I were a little bird,
I'd find a winged mate,
And then we two (upon my word)
Would 'migitely migrate.

Or, if I were a fuzzy bear,
When winter 'round doth roll,
I should worry, I should care—
I'd crawl into my hole.

But since I'm not a fuzzy bear,
Nor any winged thing;
I'll shiver in the wintry air,
And whistle for the Spring.

BACK TO NATURE.

Whenas in furs my lady goes,
Betogged therewith from head to toes,
Meseems she looks a wee bit wild,
(Albeit she is very mild)
And makes me think how Darwin once
Was hight a fool and eke a dunce
For telling us we all once wore
A suit of furs—and nothing more.

WHEN THE LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL.

Nature has painted the beautiful leaves
A beautiful color of brown;
Yet, Oh, how my sensitive soul sadly grieves
To see all those leaves falling down.

The tree looks so sad when he's stripped of his coat,
That gold colored coat wrapped around;
Naked he stands, while o'er the lawn floats
His leaves with their rustling sound.

I love the brown leaves, and their shades make me glad;
I write of their beauty with ease;
But raking them up on the lawn makes me mad—
I wish they would stay on the trees.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

Her eyes were beautiful blue things
That looked into mine and smiled;
I saw a strange story in them,
And as I peered deeply into her soul
My eyes suddenly dropped,
And I saw her lips * * *
Ah, my Soul, such lips;
They were like a bottle of rare old wine,
Unopened, yet inviting * * *

Ah, forgive me, I was speaking
Of her blue eyes—
I looked again into them to find
The love story of the ages.
It was there;
Long I looked and read the tale:
Again I saw Cleopatra lost
In the arms of Antony;
Dante wooed his heavenly Beatrice;
Eloise her Abelared kissed
The while I looked,
And Romeo smiled in Juliet's eyes—
Such scenes saw I within
Her beautiful blue eyes * * *

But again my gaze dropped,
It met her red lips—
I forgot for the moment the blue
In her eyes, the ancient tales of love
That hid beneath their depths,

Gone were Antony and his Nilish "vamp,"
Forgotten Abelard and Romeo—
All I saw was lips, lips * * *
Well, I just kissed them,
That's all.

LINES ON A DARK KNIGHT.

Oh, would I were a knight and bold,
Accoutred for the fray,
And things were as they were of old
When knights at arms did play.

I'd search me out a winsome dame,
And pledge her to my heart;
Then off I'd speed with eyes aflame,
And prove my knightly art.

And when I've slain a million knights
And spoiled their knightly ire,
I'd speed me back to Love's delights,
And claim my heart's desire.

And if the damsel failed, forsooth,
To love me as she ought,
I'd eat her where she stood, in truth,
To sooth my knightly wroth.

So, love, I hope you'll cease to try
To live as folks of old,
And thank your lucky stars that I
Am not a knight so bold.

A. B.-ING IN THE KITCHEN.

She cavorted through a college
Sponging up a lot of knowledge
Doled up philosophic guys
In glasses rimmed with gaudy tortoise shells;
She learned to think with Plato.
Learned the why of the potato,
Read the method of Descartes
And other philosophic swells.
She won, by her endeavor
To columbus Truth wherever
That elusive thing should wander
In its temperamental sprees,
A scholastic reputation;
And upon her graduation
She was decorated with a lot
Of Latinized degrees.
Her knowledge is profound and
She's a joy to have around and
She often makes us "Knowitalls"
Feel like a lot of fishes;
"Now, how do you apply," I asked,
As in her beaming smile I basked,
"This knowledge?" And she said:
"I'm helping mother wash the dishes."

WILL SOMEBODY KINDLY REMOVE THE SUNRISE.

I love to watch the big red sun
Sink down beyond the west,
Awakening within my soul
Its sweetest dreams and best.

But when the same sun in the morn
Arises in the east,
Awakening my sleepy soul,
I hate the big red beast.

WHY MEN HAVE LEFT HOME.

The Olympic charms of Venus
Shot an arrow through our heart
Whenas that classic beauty
Starting vamping as an art;
And then the Trojan Helen
Bumped us with her winning smile,
And Cleopatra vamped us
As we sailed the ancient Nile.

And to our call Monastic
Elois her love would write,
And on the streets of Florence
We were vamped by B'trice right;
The lady known as Juliet
Was a wonder as a vamp,
And with the wild DuBarry
The Parisian streets we'd tramp;

We never can forget the way
Priscilla carried on
The time she pulled that vamping stuff
On Miles and poor old John.

And yet, we have survived the jolts
These dames our hearts have vext;
And when the last has vamped us clean—
We're ready for the next.

THE DREAMER WAKES.

My soul in dreamy moods is oftimes lost,
And those are times when I could crave to be
Remote from worldly things—just to be tossed
Upon the billows of my mem'ry's mystic sea,
Where sail serenely tales of ages past:
Of knights who died to make a woman smile,
Of conquering kings who peaceful lands harrasst,
How Egypt's queen a Roman did beguile,
How Ceaser headlong plunged thru bar'bric land
And died a martyr to ambition's lust;
How Roland fell, to keep his chief's commands,
And how Ganelon broke his sacred trust;
In sooth, my soul, when in these dreamy moods

Gets lost amidst the myriad wondrous
things
In history's golden past: The deadly
feud
And noble deeds, and loves the poet sings.

I lost myself yestreen in such a maze
Of thoughts, fantastic, of the deathless
past.
Rejoicing in the thoughts that I shall raise
Myself beyond this wordly ill-made cast,
This swirling, struggling, human mass,
That feeds its transient body and forgets
The soul needs food, that it might better
pass
Into its cosmic plane without regrets.

And while I thus was dreaming peace-
fully,
Banqueting my soul on feasts sublime,
A voice rang out that made my sweet
dreams flee,
And brought me back to this decadent
time;
It was an awful thing, he said—a cruel
thrust,
It made me feel my soul had drunk the
the dregs
Of bitter wines. These words at me he
thrust:
"Say, you out there; how shall I
fry your eggs?"

ODE (H. C. L.)

I hail thee, wondrous creature,
Thy symmetry of feature
Evokes my praise;
Thou sweet one, gold-complected—
Mine eyes have ne'er detected
More charming Maize.

Dear one, I adore thee,
My soul pines only for thee—
But from afar;
For thou are high above me,
I know I should not love thee,
Thou holy star.

Time was, once, thou sweet one,
When I could gayly eat one
of thee a day;
But now I must resist thee,
Unless the Boss assist me,
And raise my pay.

But, dear one, yet I'm hoping
We two may be eloping,
And leave this low rut;
And when I do possess thee,
I'll kiss thee and caress thee—
Thou precious Doughnut.

OUR ALIBI.

Old Horace tuned the Latin lyre;
And Homer's songs found root
In Grecian gods' heroic fire;
And Ovid piped the lute.

In ancient Rome old Virgil sang
How Dido cut a caper;
And Sappho Lesbos' tocsin rang,
And burned the midnight taper.

'Twas easy, now, I will maintain,
For these great guys, poetic,
To sing where summers never wane—
That's why they were aesthetic.

But place that gang in this cold clime,
There's fly few rythmic splinters—
Aesthetic things our souls fosake
In North Dakota winters.

SHIVERY.

I passed her by upon the street,
And she was young and fair;
My furtive glance she sought to greet
With one long, icy stare.

But now I feel, like any crook,
Punished for being bold;
For when she handed me that look
I caught an awful cold.

FALSE COLORS.

Whenas my lady paints her cheek,
And powders up her nose;
(I know I should not deign to speak
Of trifles such as those),
She maketh me to wonder why
She thinketh she deceives
My own at times observing eye—
In sooth her action grieves.
And feeling thus, I oftimes think,
(Efsoons it makes me start)
That mayhap with the blackest ink
She painteth e'en her heart.

TO—Two gusses.

Whenas my lady turns her back
And smileth not on me
It maketh me to grieve, alack,
O'er such discourtesy.

And yet, mayhaps, she doeth right
Whenas she acteth so,
For I am such a silly wight,
I make her angry grow.

For when she giveth me a smile,
I bluseth with surprise;
And speechless stand, and dumb the while
I basketh in her eyes.

She knoweth well what weak return
  Her smiles thus find in me;
Such wondrous things, they say, should earn
  Spontaneous rhapsody.

But I should worry (are you wise?)
  Another now I woo;
And does SHE smile and roll her eyes?
  Well, yes; I'll say she do.

HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU?

When with your soul you wander
Paths where only nymphs have trod,
And see, perchance, along your way,
Wild Pan or some such god;
When, rising with the dawning,
You would kiss the glist'ning dew,
And feel the sun has risen
For no other man but you;
When you see, as sinks the sunshine
O'er a bank of sapphire clouds,
The night steal in and wrap the world
In star-dekt, moonlit shrouds;
When naught upsets your happiness,
Nor anything beguiles
The joy within your bosom,
And men have naught but smiles;
When nothing matters much to you,
No sorrows find a place
Within your bouyant consciousness;

And laughter lights your face;
When memories of a bitter past,
The ghosts of loves now dead,
Conjure no more to break your heart,
And all such things have fled—
When women's eyes are diamonds,
And their lips invite a kiss;
And you'd stake your reputation
For a little thing like this—

I say, when you're in such a mood,
And feel no grief or pain—
Beware, Old Dear, for you're in love
Or else you're drunk again.

ADVENTURES WITH APHRODITE

MY SONG.

I sing to the stars
And receive no reply;
I sing to the moon,
And the moon gives a sigh.

Yet I sing unto thee
And the angels above,
In sweet harmony,
Carol of love.

Then the stars and the moon
Repeat the refrain;
For soon, yea, too soon,
Comes the end of the strain.

So, sweet, let us sing
While the song's in the air;
For love, when a wing,
Hath no moments to spare.

THANKSGIVING.

While all the world is thanking God
For peace and rest from war,
I, too, am thankful for that and other things—
For peace and liberty;
Peace for the suffering multitudes of Europe;
Liberty to live and love
As the soul aspireth.

OCTOBER'S LOVER.

He loves her in a sweet October way—
And to the mem'ry of her parting smile
He loves to linger, as the moon
On Autumn nights doth hover lovingly
Unto her Earth, quite jealous of the rising sun.

April's lover, in the fire of Spring,
Loves while the Springtime lasts,
And e'en in his excess consumes
The fire of love. But he who in the Autumn
Of his life seeks love and finds it,
Loves constantly unto the end, unmindful
Of the winter, passionless and cold
And long and full of biting blasts.
And just because he loved her in this sweet October way
She called him her October Lover.

APPRAISAL.

What would I give for one hour's rest in your arms?
Gold without measure?
A joyful song?
A lover's kiss?
Nay—
The world holds no treasure
Large enough to pay the price
Of an hour in Heaven—
Like Love itself, 'tis priceless.

A LITTLE FLOWER.

A little flower's a simple thing
To leave behind as a parting token;
It hath no voice wherewith to sing,
Nor words to soothe a heart that's broken.

To some 'tis but a budding thought
That poets weave into a story;
And some have with its petals wrought
A wreath to symbolize their glory.

And yet, the flower she left with me
Hath in its soul a sweeter pleasure;
A symbol of the memory
Of hours that brought us Love's full measure.

A little flower's a simple thing—
To leave behind; and yet a lot
Of hope may 'round its petals cling
When 'tis a blue Forget-me-not.

NOCTURNE.

I could not deem that day complete
If at the end thereof
I failed to send to thee, my sweet,
Some message of my love.

Now in the cool of eventide
My Muse serenely sings
Of how my soul, to thine allied,
Unto thy vision clings.

And let this be my good-night sigh:
That some such day as this
May end, dear heart, while you and I
Are lost in one long kiss.

TRUE POETRY.

I heard thee wish one eve that thou
A poet fain would be;
Yet, truly, I must tell thee now,
God made a bard of thee.

Thou art a poet of my fate,
Thy life my poetry;
Thine eyes in me disseminate
A rythmn of ecstacy.

Thine ev'ry smile is but a part
Of some long glorious lay;
And ev'ry throbbing of thy heart
A verse thereof, I say.

So I, a fancier of rhyme,
Save up thy smiles so sweet—
Each smile a verse——unto the time
I have thee all—a poem complete.

New Paltz, N. Y., 1917.

NEW YEARS, 1917-18.

Farewell, Old Seventeen—
Thou wert my friend at times and yet
Thou caused me many pangs of grievous pain.

Dost thou recall how oft thy dragging hours
Compelled my soul postpone some hoped-for joy?
How dragged thy weary days the while some sweet
Divine and promised happiness loomed up afar?

Ah, dear old Seventeen; full oft would I
Have cut thy pearly hours in halves to speed
Me to my love or bring my love to me.

Farewell, old Seventeen—
And, yet, despite how thy slow dragging time
Had tortured and assailed my restless heart,
Despite how weary were those days and nights of thine
When sun nor moon nor stars could peer without
The dismal clouds that dropped to earth
In chilly rains; despite how slow

And endless seemed the hours of some sleepless night,
Causing me to rise still weary with the morn—
I loved thee; and, now, since thou art gone
I'd call thee back, had I the power, and live again
Those weary hours—if just to have once more
That single hour of happiness thou gavest me
Upon a certain glorious moonlit night.

Farewell, old Seventeen—
Now thou art gone, and I am left to find
In thy successor something that, perchance,
I missed in my anxiety to outlive thee;
Some golden opportunity thou offered me,
Which I neglected while I e'en pursued
Some phantom pleasure shorter lived than thou.

And yet, old Seventeen, if thy new born son
Can give me but one thousandth part of all
The wondrous joys thou gave, I'd hail him
Worthy of his fleeting task; and thank him
And thee, and all the years to come,

For every golden hour, for every winged
minute which
Their coming brings and going takes
away.

SONNET.

'Twere sweet to love were loving all the
bliss
That poets in their dreamy moods doth
sing,
But I have found that they who lingering
cling
To Love's short-lived delights, its fleeting
kiss,
A lot of hoped-for happiness doth miss
By over-zealous chasing of the thing,
Which turns upon them with a deathly
sting—
Yet men have staked their all for such as
this.

And so I say that happy is the man
Who holds his burning passions in his
breast,
Nor let a woman's laugh upset his years,
But merely lives his own allotted span,
And only hoping love may change his
plan—
To hope is happiness; to win brings tears.

ASHES OF LOVE.

He loved a woman once and put
His passion in a song;
The woman soon forgot him, but
The mem'ry lingered long.

And to that mem'ry still he sings
The same songs as of yore;
But yet no longer 'round them clings
The fire that once they bore.

And now these throbbings of his mind
Unto the flames are tossed,
In hopes that in their fire they'll find
The warmth her soul has lost.

HOPE.

The bee to the flower cometh
The sun at dawn to the sea,
The moon at eve to the heavens,
But never my Love to me!

The hum of the bee is mournful,
The sun casts a gloom o'er the sea,
The moon is a ghostly spectre—
When Love cometh not to me!

Yet e'er does the sad sea hope for
The balm of the morning sun,
And the moon in patience awaiteth
The clouds of the night to shun.

The bee ne'er tires of seeking,
The nectar in some sweet flow'r—
And I know that she is coming—
Oh, sweet is that promised hour!

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

How cheerless would the long night be,
How endlessly long drawn,
If in the east we failed to see
The light of spreading dawn.

That life would be a useless thing
If through its darkened night,
We felt no dawn would come to bring
Love's gloom-dispelling light.

CONTENTMENT.

Lost in a haze of moonlight,
No sound save the rustling trees,
O'er him the moon-dimmed starlight,
He wandered and dreamed at his ease.

He was not alone in his roaming,
A spirit was always near—
A love that died in the gloaming;
Drowned in a hopeless tear.

And yet that spirit is sweeter—
And many have loved like this—
Than if, in the night, he could greet her
And bury his love in a kiss.

THE HUNTERS' MOON.

What do they hunt when the Hunters' Moon
Doth brighten the earth and the sky?
Do they ride to the woods to a hunting tune,
To the game dogs' howling cry?

Do they frighten the rabbit that he must run
All aimlessly here and there;
Do the raccoon's eyes stare into a gun
Do the wild birds shake in their lair?

There may be men who do these things
When stars, like Dian's shone,
Stick their toes through the white that clings
To the sky in the Hunters' Moon.

But lovers, like you and me, my dear,
Hunt not, on nights like these,
The woods' wee folks nor bring a fear
To birds in their nesting trees.

Yet we hunt, in the Hunters' Moon,
We find our game in its beams;
We ride to the woods to a hunting tune,
And hunt Love's golden dreams.

CARGOES.

East where the sun is rising o'er
A sea of gossamer
Sails a fairy ship that's filled
With dreams of lavender.

It is sailing meward, and
Unless it strike a shoal,
I know that it will anchor
In the harbor of my soul.

And I shall claim the fairy ship,
As all the pirates do—
Yet all its dreams of lavender
I shall consign to you.

And when you take the cargo from
Beneath the barque's broad beams,
I'll sail again and bring you back
Another load of dreams.

ODE TO THE BIRD'S RETURN.

Come back, oh, wandering Gypsy Bird,
And sing your songs to me;
Come back, for there's a welcome word
Awaiting here for thee.

You left us when the winter's chills
Made safe your warmer goal;
Your leaving brought a frost that kills
The roses in my soul.

You've been away so long a time,
My Gypsy Bird, I fear
You'll not recall, in your warm clime,
Your going left a tear.

But Spring is near, my Gypsy Bird,
And you'll come back again;
I'll hear those songs that once I heard,
And then forget this pain.

So, Gypsy Bird, spread forth your wings
(Speed, March; send April here)
Life's melody around you clings,
You are Spring's gift of cheer.

EYES THAT ARE MISSING.

When tired Day crawls in her tent,
Whose roof is lined with stars,
And sleepy men their cares have sent
Beyond the Dream Sea's bars,

'Tis then my gypsy soul doth love
To wander 'neath the skies,
And revel in the brilliance of
Night's million smiling eyes.

And yet the million eyes of Night,
Thus smiling joyously,
Are not as gay, nor yet as bright
As two I cannot see.

LOVE AND MUSIC.

As Omar in an Oriental mood
Asserted that the Grape was but a snare,
And challenged God to name who placed
it there,
I also ask, although in accents rude,
Who sent us Love? Is it a poisoned food
That tasted once seems not to even spare
The strongest hearts, which break, and
never dare
To seek again its melancholy mood?

I like to think 'tis but a winged thing
That holds us for a while, as in a spell,
When all is good, nor anything is wrong;
And sad are they who let the Scarab's
sting
Sink deep into their hearts; for heed ye
well,
Love's born of music; dies when ends the
song.

THE SOUL OF LOVE.

He fell in love with a fairy queen
Who reigned in realms above the clouds;
Whose vesture was a shimmering sheen,
And his, rough raiment like grim shrouds.

Her castle was a place of dreams,
Where nothing crude could enter in;
His home a hut with rough hewn beams,
No hope had he a queen to win.

And year by year, the while she ruled
In queenly grace her dreams' domain,
The fire within his heart was cooled—
But he was ne'er himself again.

That part of him which was his soul,
The thing unseen by worldly men,
He sent to her; she kept the whole,
And never sent it back again.

And now he's waiting for that time,
When as the rest of him has flown
The upward path to her to climb,
Claiming what was once his own.

EVERYTHING GOES UP IN SMOKE.

He lit a cigarette then, musing, spoke:
"How much is love like this thing which
we smoke;
Each lives a burning moment, each brings
dreams,
A momentary thrill—and then it seems
That when the fire dies, the spell is lost,
And coldness chills both like a winter's
frost."

I looked upon him in a puzzled way,
And wondered o'er the things he had to
say;
"What happens then," I asked in nonchal-
ance—

He gave me something of a merry glance—
"Oh, well," he said, "I seldom sigh or fret,
But merely smile—and light another cigarette."

THE SOUL'S LAST LOVE.

Out of the ashes of empires
Greater dominions did rise;
Out of its wrecks the Soul aspires
New birth, new love, new ties.

And the songs that it sings, reliving,
Ring truer than those of old;
'Tis a Soul that is only giving
A love that never grows cold.

Yet, as in the ages of history
Great nations in triumph have died:
Eternity's same great Mystery
Claims the Soul as her fun'ral bride.

So the Soul, in its greatest glory,
Lists to its own death knell;
And its last great, chanted story
Is the song of its last farewell.

THE LAST LOVE.

There's a useless sort o' beggar
  Livin' on the mountain side;
His clothes are torn and ragged
  And he seems to have no pride.

His house is but a shaky hut,
  That trembles with the wind;
His furniture a chair and stool,
  Of hand made, rough hewn kind.

His hair is long and curly
  And his face, which none have seen
Is covered with a shaggy beard—
  A sorrow wight, I ween

I happened up that way one day,
  When June smiled in the skies,
To quiz this lonesome beggar
  All about his family ties.

I asked him why he lived alone,
  Why dressed he so uncouth,
Why ne'er a razor touched his face,
  Had e'er he been a youth?

I told him of the great big world,
  With all its joys of livin';
Of brotherhood of man and love,
  And some of Christian givin'.

The old man laughed a joyous laugh,
(I knew not he could smile)
"Your world's an empty hole," he said;
"While mine's a beauteous pile."

"What cares my God how ragged, torn,
The raiment that I wear;
What cares He if I ne'er have shorn
My head or face of hair?"

"He chides me not whenas my home
Doth dance with every breeze;
Nor cares He not if I must eat
Beneath His tow'ring trees.

"He only asks that I be kind
To birds and bees and flowers;
That, though I mingle not with men,
I love them all the hours."

"And so, my friend, the God I love
Sees not the things that fade;
He cares not how my body's dressed
But how my soul's arrayed."

I like that ragged beggar and
When other friends have fled,
I'll build myself a mountain hut
And love his God instead.

HOPELESS.

The flower smiles a moment,
And then it dies;
The star may lose its lustre—
But not your eyes.

The bird may in his singing
Cease to rejoice;
The harp may lose its music—
But not your voice.

Fades the rose's petals
The wild bee sips;
The sunset's red turns pallid—
But not your lips.

Men have ceased their praying
To Him above;
Faith has died, discouraged—
But not my love.

Your lips, your eyes, your singing—
A trinity
God made to prove His wonder—
But not for me.

OLD PUZZLE BOOK.

I.

He was a queer old fellow;
Never had a lot to say;
The nights he passed in mooning,
And dreamed away the day.

Something sad seemed hidden
In his meloncholy look;
And people only knew him by
The name, "Old Puzzle Book."

He never seemed to be in love,
Nor even seemed to hate;
Always reading verse and things
Which others would berate.

He had no close companion,
Nor ever seemed to play;
Yet always seemed contented
As he went his lonely way.

II.

One dreary day we missed him
And his meloncholy look;
And most of us forgot the face
Of queer old Puzzle Book.

But searching in his empty house
We found a crumpled note,
Written by the queer old man—
These are the things he wrote:

"Ah, you were fair as roses
  Swaying in the summer wind;
And I was but a dusty weed,
  Below your gentle kind.

"And yet as even dusty weeds
  Will love the light of day,
I loved you, fairest flower,
  And will love you thus alway.

"I never could deserve you—
  Should dusty roadside weed
Expect to win a garden rose?
  Not for mine such meed.

"So you have gone your happy way;
  Mine paved with silent tears;
Your heart has found its own sweet kind,
  Mine lost in useless years."

Then we knew who found this verse,
  Why queer Old Puzzle Book
Mooned all night and dreamed all day
  With melancholy look.

III.

One day when Spring spread forth her arms
  Embracing all her own
We found beside a wild rose bush
  A form whence life had flown.

And it was queer Old Puzzle Book—
His soul had left this noisy whirl;
Clasped to his heart, in fond embrace,
We found a picture of a girl.

And so, beneath the April green
Where dust nor weeds can blow,
We buried them, full sure that soon
Another rose will grow.

A WINTRY PRAYER.

Speed up, Oh Time, thy lazy flights
To April days and summer nights.
When budding tree and blushing rose
Across the prairie fragrance blows.

Return the gypsy wanderer,
Without the need of wintry fur;
Bring back the songs of meadow larks,
Put summer joys in woods and parks.

Return the mystic Milky Way,
Whereunder youthful lovers play;
Put warmth into the sunset sky,
As some wild summer day doth die.

Oh Time, I prithee speed a bit.
The winter's cruel; I'm tired of it;
Pray speed that happy moment when
The gypsy bird flies North again.

THE LEAVEN OF TEARS

Into memory's fragrant realm,
That grows with each tomorrow,
Flit today's sweet, transcient joys,
And every tearful sorrow.

And as I turn the pages of
The Book of Days and Years,
I find the smiles oft crowded out
By too excess of tears.

For all the joys we would prolong
Come to an early death;
As singers cease their music when
They lose their mellowed breath.

And yet I know the Master Hand
That binds the fated Book
Wills we learn Life's purposes
In every backward look.

And joy must be a short-lived thing
To gain its own hereafter;
Better a Memory bathed in tears
Than one dead drunk with laughter.

WERE I THE KING OF FAIRYLAND.

Were I the King of Fairyland,
And you the Queen thereof,
I'd have the Fairy choruses
Pipe nothing but of love.

The birds would be your subjects,
Singing homage to your eyes;
The big red sun would set for you,
And just for you he'd rise.

I'd have the wildwood flowers breathe
Sweet fragrance when you're near;
And let no things unsightly spoil
Your happiness, my dear.

And, better than these joyous things,
I'd fill your realm with love—
Were I the King of Fairyland,
And you the Queen thereof.

IT GOES BACK TO ITS OWN.

The frost ne'er kills the rose, she said;
Such beauty never dies;
God merely covers up its head
From Man's cold, vulgar eyes.

HER SPIRIT.

The red rose fills with perfume
The garden's freshened air;
It asks no compensation
For what it gives men there.

And he who loves thee, sweet one,
Would give his life for thee,
And asks that thou return him
Not any royalty.

For, loving thee is perfume
That fills his soul with cheer;
And happy is he, hoping
That thou art somewhere near.

MISCELLANEOUS MOODS

A GYPSY'S LONGING.

We've followed the gypsy trail where it leads
To the edge of the rainbow's rim;
We've lost ourselves in the woods' high weeds,
Or cities, when lights grow dim;
We've breathed the beauties of ancient Rome,
And stood 'neath Chephram's Sphinx;
We've found romance on the ocean's foam,
And seen the sun as it drinks
Its night cap 'neath the 'rizon's edge,
And the stars peep out on high;
We've dreamed our dreams on a stony ledge
Where the Rockies kiss the sky;
We've seen ev'ry marvel the world can show,
And dined with its varied crowds;
There isn't a joy that we do not know,
Nor silver nor dark lined clouds;
And yet, as we follow the gypsy trail,
And smile, when we'd rather frown,
We'd leave it all if we could but hail
A friend from our old home town.

FREEDOM.

Along a country roadside
I saw a violet smile;
And I would fain to pluck it
And wear it for awhile.

And yet the God that brought it
Safe through the winter's strife
Is He who placed me also
Along the road of life.

And so I left the flower
To live its fated span;
It hath a right to blossom
Untouched by selfish man.

And like unto the flower
That smiles upon the sod,
I fain would grow unhampered,
Until I'm plucked by God.

THE BALM OF TEARS.

The Lord God, in His wisdom,
In the distant Long Ago,
Sent us woman, gave her beauty,
And a soul with love aglow.
And men have thought her mortal;
Watched her beauty fade and die
Like a flower in the Autumn,
And they gave a passing sigh.

But the Lord God stood beside her
In the vale of sorrowed years;
And he gave her Life Eternal
As she bathed her soul in tears.

WAITING.

A white petaled daisy
Once swayed with the wind
In a big field of clover,
Remote from its kind.

And I thought me how lonely
That daisy must be
To live amongst strangers,
Companionlessly.

Yet, oft like the daisy,
Have I felt alone;
Though smiling with strangers,
I sigh for my own.

And as in the autumn
When winds from the west
Take the soul of the daisy
To those it loves best,

So my soul awaiteth
Some sweet passing wind
To waft it back homeward,
Where dwelleth its kind.

BUTTERFLIES.

The butterfly, bursting her chrysalis,
  Unfolds her wings to the skies;
She fascinates men for a moment,
  And then like a dream she dies.

And life is a butterfly garden;
  Each flutters a day or two;
We chase first one, then another,
  And they die in the morning dew.

And one we have named a woman,
  And we've chased her coaxing smile;
And others are fame and fortune,
  But each is a nightmare of guile.

For into the garden's recess
  Satiety steals unaware,
And gold in the wings of the butterflies
  Fades in the droughty air.

SUNSETS.

Across the wide horizon dips
  The sun in dreams of gold;
The day thus dies, and dark Night trips
  Into his sleepy fold.

I would my Soul will take its flight
  Beyond th' eternal West,
Sinking into its endless night
  With golden dreams addrest.

AUGUST.

There's a smile in every zephyr
That dances through the trees;
There's a laugh in every sunbeam,
There's a thrill in every breeze—

There's a sigh in every leaflet,
There's a tear in every flower,
For the smiles of August tell them
That death is soon their dower.

Yet all the flow'rs and leaflets
That droop their heads in tears
Know life anew awaits them
Whenas the Spring appears.

And thus when Love has perished,
And Life is chilled by Hate,
There comes a Spring that brings us
New love, new life, new fate.

MY DREAMS AND I.

Dreamy days and dreamy nights,
And you, my Soul, a dreamy maize;
A dreamy heaven with diamond lights,
A dreamy sun to light our days.

Dreams when sunrise sends its kiss
To placid fields of summer sea;
Dreams when sunset's golden bliss
Brings the heavens to you and me.

Lazily lying upon the grass,
Aware of my kinship to the sod,
I watch the constellations pass,
And feel the eternal breath of God.

Men may have their yellow gold,
Wear their cloaks with silken seams;
For these they lose. I would grow old
Arm in arm with you—my Dreams.

THE REAL ARISTOCRAT.

He was a wand'ring gypsy,
Rather ragged in his dress;
He had no home or loved ones,
Lived a life of lonesomeness.

But everywhere you'd meet him,
He'd sing a little song;
His soul was gay with dreaming,
Nor wept he much nor long.

And that is why they liked him,
His all to them he'd give;
The rich and would-be rich looked to him—
He taught them how to live.

TRAGEDY

Her eyes were little heavens,
So blue, and full of light;
And 'neath her mouth there lingered
Smiles that kisses would invite.

She was gay when others grumbled,
She would sing while others wept,
And at night she dreamed of fairies,
While the others only slept.

But someone stole her happiness,
And brushed her smiles away;
And now her soul is like the world
Upon a cloudy day.

She could forego the smiles she's lost,
The kisses too, it seems—
Her life became a tragedy
Whenas she lost her dreams.

TO A NORTH DAKOTA NIGHT

In the blue of the skies
There is something that thrills,
And makes me forget
All the world and its cares.
I guess it's the thought that
The infinite lies
Beyond the far stars and the idea fills
My soul with a longing,
And, quite unawares,
Makes it a part of that

Endless domain
Where beauty is love,
And love's ne'er in vain.

And oft do I wonder while
Glimpsing the stars,
Under the heaven's broad ceiling of blue,
Why men seldom gaze towards the
Wonders that beam
In the blue skies above them
And choose not to dream,
When dreams are the things that make
living ring true.

And let them pursue,
Be they many or few,
The phantoms that drown them in lethargic
streams—
I'll send my soul
On the wings of a song,
And find in the stars a bright haven of
dreams.

WHEN GYPSIES GO HOME

Have you been miles and miles away
From those you hold most dear;
And when you hear the music play
You'd stifle back a tear,
For deep, down in your heart's recess
You felt that awful pain
Of everlasting lonesomeness
That drives you 'most insane?

And have you breakfasted and dined
With strangers constantly,
Yet tried to act as if you're blind
To all their gayety,
Because you know 'tis not polite
To push your presence in
Their merry company—nor right
To sacrifice a grin?

And have you tramped the city street
With no one at your side,
Though meeting many, none you'd greet,
And felt you'd like to hide
Yourself behind some far-off star
Or trapse the Milky Way,
Full sure the Heav'ns more friendly are
Than Earth's strange folks at play?

A gypsy's life is not all song—
For love dwells near the hearth;
There comes a time when he will long
To house his heart in mirth.
And then no more its deep recess
Will feel the bitter pain
Of everlasting lonesomeness
That drives you 'most insane.

THE CYNIC

Whenas in accents fine I hear him rave
About the color of her eyes, her mouth, her hair,
How simple are the clothes he sees her wear,

How for her smallest wish he'd even brave
The terrors of the wood, the wild sea's wave,
And e'en temptations 'neath the city's glare—
I lift my voice and say, "My friend, beware,
For she has chained thee like a galley slave;
Her smile is like an angel's from above,
And yet she twists thee 'round her little hand
Then turns her back and laughs at thee and jeers;
You soon forget that mystic thing called love,
Forget the heaven, you for her had planned—
And drown your disappointment in your tears."

TO A CALIFORNIA POPPY THAT SMILES ON OUR DESK

Ah, frail silken flower,
My homage is due
To the orange-tinted dreams
I might fathom in you.

You open your soul
In the morn, as a child
Opens its eyes when
The sunbeams run wild.

And you smile all the day
While the sunshine is bright,
Then close your silk portals
Against the dark night.

And that soul,
Which those portals of silken thus
hide,
It is afraid
Of the goblins that ride
On the wings of the night
When the day goes to sleep,
And the terrors of darkness
Around them might creep?

God walks abroad
In the light of the day,
Breathing love to his flowers
And children at play.

The night brings us Darkness,
Whose dampened, chill breath
Engenders wierd dreams,
Sad doubts, fear of death.

And He Who breathed in you
Life's sweetened perfume
Is the God Who would save you
From the darkness and doom.

I would that my soul,
When Life's long day is done
And away to the west
Fades the light of the sun,

Could close its frail portals
And dream of a light
That illumines the path
In Eternity's night.

MOODS.

(Listening to the orchestra play "Home Sweet Home.")

I.

A phantom rises on
The midnight air,
And haunts me as a
Ghost of other days;
And Mem'ry stands the while
As if to stare
Beyond the veil
The music seems to raise.

I knew a harbor once
That I called home,
Ere gypsy wand'rings
Led my soul astray—

But now, while o'er
The darkened paths I roam,
No restful harbor
Ends my tired day.

II.

The dancing ends, the music dies,
The gypsy hits the trail;
The lonely wand'rer lifts his scornful eyes
Unto the skies like women when they wail.

A mockery is that melody to him,
He stifles in his heart a hopeless sigh;
And "Home," says he—lost in a tragic whim—
"Ah, that's the place where men return to die."

III.

I hear, I think, an old familiar strain—
A strange, elusive, haunting melody—
I stand awhile and wonder; and again
My mother sings her good-night songs to me.

IV.

I walk into the vastness of the night—
A gypsy lost upon a restless sea
Of never ending lonesomeness; no light
In homes along the way are lit for me.

And yet around me stand the giant trees,
A roof of star-flecked blue hangs o'er above;
And then I tell myself: "I have all these—
The world's my home, my dreams, my hopes, my love."

V.

To some a home is but a place to sleep,
A shelter from the piercing eyes of night;
And others find therein a place to weep—
To some it is a heaven of delight.

And which of these shall miss that mystic place
When wind or storm or Time shall wreck its walls?
Methinks the one who sat with tear-drenched face
Will suffer most when such a thing befalls.

The silent sorrows which the world ne'er knows,
And those deep sighs the passerby ne'er hears,
Have made the home a place where real love glows—
'Tis christened with a mother's pearly tears.

VI.

And those who waltz the while the music plays
That love song of the home, are they aware
How seldom in their hearts do they appraise
The meaning of the song, now dying on the air?

VII.

'Tis thus the whole world over:
And when the Music's done,
This man is e'er a rover,
And that a home has won.

VIII.

Who follows long the gypsy light,
From Samarcand to Rome,
Is stirred the most when through the night
He hears that song of home.

IX.

Life's dance is done; the music dies,
The dancers all have passt;
The soul sails out to God's blue skies—
Its "Home, Sweet Home" at last.

AT THE FEET OF KINGS

To strike the classic Lute, in tune
With songs the Fairies sing;
To lose one's soul beneath the Moon—
This is to be a King.

But discords from my ill-tuned Lute
Doth shame that instrument
Whence melody sublime found root
When Sappho singing went.

The Fairies' Kingdom fears my lay,
No dreamy tale it tells;
And in their merry court I play
The Fool with Cap and Bells.

A PRO-BRITISH KITTEN

We have a little office cat
That frisks about quite merrily,
Jumping up at this and that
In manner rather airily.

Folks like our little kitten,
And her antics somewhat fistic;
In fact, they're rather smitten
With her outlook optimistic.

But the kitten's lost her drag, for
She has spoiled our sense of humor;
And we feel we'd like to gag her
And secure a saner roomer.

We had some shamrocks, potted—
Which H. Kneeshaw had presented—
With green leaves they were dotted,
And our Irish was contented.

But the pesky, playful kitten,
In her manner rather skittish,
Ate them all—she must be smitten
With a temperament that's British.

Which makes us rather wonder
If we should forsooth demand a—
Nexplanation where in thunder
She had read wrong propaganda.

For if cats, which should be Feiners,
Have so lost their sense of reason
As to fail to be abstainers
From our shamrocks when in season,

We're as hopeless as the sinner
Who from Hades cannot flee—
And old Ireland ne'er will win her
Age long fight for liberty.

OLD CLOTHES

In gaudy gowns of shimmering silk
Milady, as becomes her ilk,
Along the highway proudly strides,
Nor cares she much what Fate betides.

With queenly grace she wears her gowns,
Nor cares a whit for others' frowns
Who cannot with such gay array
Add lustre to the light of day.

And yet ere sets the evening sun
The shimmering sheen of gowns is done;
And queenly silks resolve to rags,
And fill the junkman's dirty bags.

So eyes that once shown free and gay
Along the Road of Yesterday,
Like sheenless silks soon lose their light,
And fade into an endless night.

For Youth is but a silken stole
That hides the mortal part of soul;
It fades with wear; is, soon or late,
Bought by the Ragman or our Fate.

So let us, as Milady throws
Her worn-out silks with cast-off clothes,
Sigh, as Youth aside we cast:
"I wore thee well; thy charm is past."

THE AWAKENING HOUR.

I built me a gorgeous mansion,
  Atop of a sun-kissed hill;
And I draped its windows with flowers,
  And joy did its wide halls fill.

And I thought me how nice, when I'm tired
  Of jostling the mad rush of men,
I'd rest in my mountain mansion—
  With naught but my dreams and my pen

But once, in a cold, gray morning,
  When clouds covered up the sky,
My mansion crumbled to pieces—
  And all of its joy seemed to die.

But I should have known it would end thus—
  Life is a nightmare, it seems—
And now I am lonesome and homeless—
  My mansion was built upon dreams.

MY COMPANIONS OF THE NIGHT.

Along comes Night, and with him brings
That little respite known as sleep;
Forgotten are all wordly things,
Whereat men curse and women weep.

And dreams fantastic enter in,
And some are wierd and strange;
Some are hellish, some like sin,
For wide is dream-life's range.

And yet, I love them all; the good,
Indifferent ones or bad;
Because I know they're dreams, nor would
I let them make me sad.

And when each dream with all its million thrills
And things that are not real, but only seem,
Is ended, up Night's wild and wondrous hills
I climb again—and dream another dream.

MAN AND HIS FUTURE.

Eons agone when life was new,
And men were wild and strange,
When loves and dreams and songs were few,
Slow moved the chain of change,

God breathed into a man His soul,
'Round which a hope did cling
That as the passing ages roll
'Twould be a noble thing.

And in a million tearful years
This handiwork of God
Kills and lies and steals and fears,
Bends closer to the clod.
Which makes us wonder if we'll be,
Another million years,
More like God, or will we see
The same old world of tears.

TRANSCIENT MOODS.

I.

Music has many uses:
Gives us dreams,
Of loves to be won,
Memories of
Loves that are dead.

Music also
Jazzes men to the madhouse.

II.

Some women wear their hair
As a snarled oak its branches.
But the oak is not supposed
To have any brains.

III.

They call it
"Modern Fiction,"
Because it's written
Today and dies tomorrow;
It has no future.

IV.

She said she was always
Above the clouds;
I looked into her eyes
And felt she was
A star snatched from Heaven.
For stars often fall
From their orbits
And get mixed up
With lesser satellites;
That's how I met her.

V.

The things we crave most
Are always out of our reach;
No astronomer ever corralled a star;
We are all astronomers,
Reaching out for the unattainable.

The world is wide,
And days are long;
But time and distance
Fade in song.

And into space,
At sunset time,
My soul goes forth
In song and rhyme.

O'er prairies wide,
And hills and lakes,
The song its fleeting
Journey takes.

It strikes an answering
Melody,
And then returns,
Resung, to me.

For every song
That sails the air
Finds its mate
Sometime, somewhere.

VII.

People who don't believe in fairies,
Are usually the people
Whose ships never come in.

The golden Ship of Hope
Is piloted
By a Fairy captain
Whose compass points to
The Harbor of Dreams Worth While.
And we all may
Become his passengers.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.
DEC 88
N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962